Ham. And doe ſtill by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my Lord what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you doe ſurely barre the doore upon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelfe for your ſucceſſion in *Denmarke*?

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I ſir, but while the graſſe growes; the proverbe is ſomething muſty: oh the Recorders, let me ſee one, to withdraw with you; why doe you goe about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

Gu. O my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanerly

Ha. I do not well underſtand that: will you play upon this pipe?

Guyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeve me I cannot.

Ham. I beſeech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as eaſie as lying; govern theſe ventages with your fingers and the thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick: look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guyl. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would ſeeme to know my ſtops, you would plucke out the heart of my myſterie, you would ſound mee from my loweſt note to my compaſſe, and there is much muſicke, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeake, s'bloud do you think I am eaſier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play upon me. God bleſſe you ſir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ha. Do you ſee yonder cloud that's almoſt in ſhape of a camel?

Pol. By'th maſſe and 'tis like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is blacke like a Wezell.

Ham.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They foole me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by. Leave me friends.

I will, ſay ſo. By and by is eaſily ſaid.
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawne, and hell it ſelfe breathes
Contagion to the world: now could I drinke hot blood
And doe ſuch buſineſſe as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: ſoft, now to my mother.
O heart loſe not thy nature! let not ever
The ſoule of *Nero* enter this firme boſome!
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall.
I will ſpeake daggers to her, but uſe none,
My tongue and ſoule in this be hypocrites;
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them ſeales never my ſoule conſent.

Enter King, Roſencraus, and Guyldenſtern.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us
To let his madneſſe range; therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you,
The tearmes of our eſtate may not endure
Hazzard ſo neare us as doth hourely grow
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our ſelves provide;
Moſt holy and religious feare it is
To keepe thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That live and feed upon your Majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind
To keepe it ſelfe from noyance, but much more
That ſpirit, upon whoſe weale depends and reſts
The lives of many: the ceſſe of Majeſty
Dyes not alone, but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neare it with it: or it is a maſſie wheele,
Fixt on the ſommet of the higheſt mount,